Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

BIRTH DAY ODE.

Could I steep my pen in flowers,
Were it from a turtle's wing,
That had soar'd in love's own bowers,
Then might I a tribute bring,
And haply not a worthless lay
To greet, sweet maid, thy natal day.

Wert thou less perfect—had'st thou been
Less beautiful—less bright;
Less like a seraph shining in
Thine own etherial light,
Transcendant less beyond compare,
Less like a form of upper air,
Or had I lov'd thy spirit less,
Methinks in words I might confess
All that I feel, but cannot say
To thee upon thy natal day.

I sometimes think thee not of earth,
But creature of seraphic birth.
On thy brow shines beauty's might,
In thine eyes beam heaven's own light.
Whilst upon thy dimpled cheek,
Maiden innocence doth speak,
Laughing out in joyousness,
In heaven sweet loveliness.
Oh! never beamed a natal day,
On one more pure, more sweet, more gay.

Worthless is the rhyme I bring,
Such a glorious tune to sing.
Could my heart speak from my breast,
Were my soul to thee confest,
As it cannot ever be,
In its deep intensity—
Could I dip my pen in flowers,
Were it from a turtle's wing
That had soar'd in love's own bowers,
Then might I a tribute bring,
A glowing soul impassioned lay,
To greet thee, on thy natal day.

F. W.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE EXILE,*

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

A long white beard descended to his breast; he was more by long labors than by age; the hardships of life had worn his body, and strengthened his soul: there was an expression of sorrow in his countenance, as of a man who had suffered much; but likewise something ... as of a man who feels that he has not suffered in vain: the whole of his appearance inspired the behold...

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picturesque aspect of the old auditor, all acted to give as much of epic as could perhaps be inspired into a mind not naturally very poetic, but I at length sprung an epic mine when perhaps neither of us expected more than the ordinary interest of public transactions. At a pause of my narrative, the old gentleman observed:

"With much boasting of their chivalry, the British seem to have learned the practice of war from their red allies."

From public transactions to private affairs was a natural transition, and as the stream of conversation along which floated the names of old and well known families, came at last the observation from me, "a family of the name of Finch."

"The name of what?" interrupted Mr. Brown, starting to his feet with the alacrity of youth.—"Finch," I answered in great surprise, looking very earnestly on my interrogator.

"Finch, Finch," ejaculated the evidently very much agitated old man, but repressing his feelings he reseated himself and with assumed composure, demanded if I was acquainted with this family. "I am, passing well," I replied, "but the members no longer reside in Virginia;" and as I thought myself now authorized to put questions in turn, I respectfully observed, "Mr. Brown, where you ever acquainted with the family of Finch?"

"Long years past, I was acquainted with no doubt the very family you have mentioned," he replied in a slow and rather hesitating voice—"but it is now late, and you must require rest," and rising from his chair he ordered a servant to bring a light—which when supplied I was led by my host into a clean though plain apartment, in which on a comfortable and very clean bed, I was in a few moments lost to wars and rumours of wars in a deep and sweet sleep, from which I was roused by the glitter of autumn sunbeams. Roused from my slumbers, reflections on the occurrences of the day before came crowding on my mind, from which I was diverted by a tap at my bed-room door, and the entrance of Mr. Brown, whose whole appearance had, or to me seemed to have assumed a more solemn—a more interesting aspect than at our first meeting. There are situations when the color of men's thoughts are rendered observe by their words, even when no deception or concealment is designed, because there are states of mind—there are thoughts too intense to be communicated by the poor medium of language: silence is then most expressive.

"If not pressed to pursue your voyage down the Sabine," said Mr. Brown, seating himself by my bed-side, "you would do me a great favor by resting in my lone cottage two or three days. If you could do me such kindness I will send Le Bone, the Indian who came with you last evening to your camp, with any message you think proper."

Though the season and other reasons pressed my prosecuting my voyage, an inexplicable curiosity prevailed, and I, thanking my host for his kindness assented to remain with him two days. He received my consent with a pleasure I could not account for, but which spoke so much of welcome that I felt at home.

"Come, rise," said the old man, our breakfast must be...

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... In fine, here I am a sojourner. My establishment of a stock-farm on Sabine, is still kept up, and once or twice a year I go there to dispose of my surplus stock. This retreat passes and shall pass all her days in the name of Mrs. Finch. Her manager is her son, and a better the world does not afford."

Many is the hour I have lost sight of, reflecting on the marked events of the Finch family. If we ask the meaning of happiness of the young and susceptible, their definition would exclude its enjoyment from such a family; but if we seek its real meaning in the affairs of the world, the Finch family may find many to say, "you share a common lot of weal and woe."

MARK BANCROFT.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XV.

By means of leeches—the only backbiters that ever did good in this world—I got rid of my pleurisy; but it was followed by an attack of acute rheumatism, which for a time set my doctors—for I had two of them—with all their bathing, bleeding, and diete (the last is a scientific term of starvation), at defiance. Whilst I was thus suffering, my friend our consul called on me, and insisted that I should be removed to his house, where I should find many comforts and conveniences that could not be expected in a lodging. I accepted his invitation, and experienced every possible kindness and attention under his roof. Among the many marks of Mr. and Mrs. St. John's friendship, that which I felt as most delicately hospitable, was their sending every morning to inquire after my health—not one of their domestics, but one of their sweet little saints, who, without entering, knocked with her pretty knuckles at my chamber-door and said "Papa and Mamma have sent me to ask how you are this morning?" I felt as if there was a healing charm in the voice of the inquiring cherub. By-and-by I was able to come down and shake hands with all the family in their breakfast parlour. At the end of a month I was quite recovered.

If you remember the story of an Irish actor, who advertised that having lost considerably by his last benefit he was *thereby* induced to take another, I am afraid you will compare me to that sapient personage when I tell you that I had no sooner recovered the health I had lost in my trip to Boudaric, than I resolved on making another to Bona. That place, still remarkable for its coral fishery, is the farthest eastern town in the Algerine regency possessed by the French. I got a passage thither for myself and servant on board the government steamer, and was happy to have for my fellow voyager Mr. Brown, the American consul at Algiers. Recollecting my voyage across the Mediterranean, I winced sorely at the anticipation of sea-sickness in a mid-winter sail along the coast, of 200 miles in going, and as many in returning. But the holy St. Austin, I verily believe, sent us propitious weather, if the saints in Heaven have anything to do with earthly weather and steam navigation. We were on board about noon, and though it was the 8th of...

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... that all individual claims to the little Christian's hand should be given up, and that her ransom and that of her suite should be divided among the tribes.

The envoy of his Most Christian Majesty made immediate application to the Dey of Algiers for the deliverance of the captives. The Dey replied, that the Kabyles in that quarter did not acknowledge his authority, but promised to do his best for the relief of the sufferers; and he sent orders to the Agas of Bougia and Gigery to use all possible means for recovering them; at the same time he wrote to the principal Marabouts of these two places, desiring them to act in concert with the Agas. On the 21th of November, the envoy of France dispatched a vessel, which set sail for Bougia from the port of Algiers. On board this vessel was Ibraham Hoja, the interpreter of the consul, who carried orders to the Agas and the Marabouts; the instant that these letters were received, a negotiation for the ransom of the prisoners was commenced, and it finished in their being released. Miss Bourk and her suite reached Algiers in safety, and with equal safety returned to France.

LOST AND WON;

OR THE THIRD SEASON.

'Yes: he *shall* propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him. It will only serve him right!'

Such was the language of Florence Nevile's eyes, as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? of whom thinking? Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn as the last look was given at the snowy dress, which hung in its lace folds like summer clouds round the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at that moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine—of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her 'style.' It was insufferable: so Florence determined that her third season should be distinguished by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde—not that she cared for him; oh, no! she was only determined to make him propose. Indeed there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin, Emma Nevile and herself, on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

'Have you thought of our wager, Florence?' said Emma Nevile, as they descended to the drawing-room together.

'To be sure!—You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts.'

'If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly...

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN EAST FLORIDA.

BY F. W. SIMMONS.

We had not been twenty-four hours at the agency before we were informed by Governor Call that the Seminoles did not relish the business that had brought them there. The chiefs and head men of the delegation who had gone to look at the land of promise, the valley of the Mississippi, were not pleased with the account of the Missouri, nor with the treaty, as made. They had signed the treaty sensibly in a measure. They had signed the treaty, believing, perhaps, that it was the best they could do under the circumstances, and that, without persistent opposition on their part, as had been stipulated for, the latter very unfairly, their property retained to them, and taken over by the assumption and act of a few, secretly, of their number. The signing of the treaty was, in truth, a breach of faith towards the nation, on the part of the chiefs; and our Government has yet to answer the question, "Were you not aware that the delegation had no authority to do what they did? that the Seminoles did not intend to be absolutely bound by what might be the views, or more will of a few, who pretended that they had instructed the chiefs to go and look at the land, and then to bring them back an account of all that they had seen? that, under these circumstances, the treaty signed as it was, was something more than a mockery, as we interpreted fraud upon the Seminole nation? that, having thus said and said, we intended to hold the sanction of the people, with what show of discretion, of fair dealing, of honor, or honesty, can you hold up this fabulous deed to that people, and, because they innocently declined a removal to the west on the treaty ground, become the unworthy opponent of the same? For the denial of our Government we have no answer, unless in one most easily understood than answered.

Thus, then, it was that perplexed and pestered the minds of the Seminole chiefs, now assembled, perhaps for the last time, to hold a talk upon the subject of that surreptitious treaty.

As we have said, they had signed it, but with a mental reservation, as it were. That reservation was the confidence that the talk which they and the agents of our Government pointed them to their friends on the contiguous creek Fagus, on the other, the commons bounded on the east bank, by the only expanse of water which we saw, appeared to approach the treacherous proportions of a bad omen, if it was not a bad omen, to the poor disgusted natives of the warrior Yemassee.

For the rest, they, too, like him, were free in choice, free to tread the broad though rugged path of allegiance to their country, or, to shun, casually in the wake of the white man, who would defame while he carried them.

Several days had now rolled over, having each brought with it an occasion to the chiefs and to the dusky forms that in detached parties spread over the far grounds of the agency, during a part of with them. The site on which the fort stood was somewhat elevated, gradually sloping off, however or, on either side, and, at the distance of several hundred yards, again rising to considerable height, beyond which the vast interminable woods were seen to stretch far as the eye could follow them. It was constantly along the latter elevation that the several tribes lay scattered, but, not massed. In each tribe there are usually so many families, and in time of peace it is to families, and not tribes, that they live. The reason do not, as is commonly supposed, perform all the drudgery. They are, indeed, "drawers of water," but not "hewers of wood." The men, too not unfrequently prepare their own meals; and are very fond of it when—"done" to a turn; that is, of meat, and a grain the name of which we now forget, but which is of indigenous growth. They are great hunters, and, on the whole, we should say sluggish—though capable, when roused, of amazing exertion, and of sustaining incredible fatigue. Among themselves, without ever indulging in a boisterous laugh, they are extremely social, mild, yet grave—so, however, exchewing our discreditable joke, for the better, the eschewing our discreditable joke, for the better, French banter—but it is never extravagant. There is something decidedly rational, a philosophy in their manner, which it would be absurd not to be struck: and yet it is not

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

There is, however, no absurd air about them even at those moments, when you would suppose their thoughts were most collected—that is, when listening during some "talk," either in the field, or the laugh, is like the fire from the flint, that upon their rigid features. There is something of unhappiness in the eye of the Indian—a regret that is but just—sadness, as if reflected from the dark shadow of his destiny, that settles upon every line of the countenance. See him hearing against a tree, or reclining under it, and he appears always as if reposing in his soul some change or chance of fate—something that these his thoughts—and, alas! for the poor Indian, these he indeed are the "sad forbid"!

When night came on, the scene, for miles on either hand, that would present itself, was one of wild and fearful beauty! An hundred camp fires would light up the surrounding woods, against which you saw reflected the shadows of as many forms moving to and fro in the distance, but without lending a sound to break the silence of that peopled solitude! In walking through their encampments, at that hour, it was not without a certain thrilling of the blood—so noiseless was the scene, it seemed a mystery to the senses. It was not until you got near, that you were made sensible of being in the midst of living beings—and yet all would have now and then the saddest bereaved of limb—an infant bearing limb—or the breathing, thick and heavy, of the sleepers; and sometimes a sound, like a long distress sigh, would escape from the deep and hollow, from the breast of one who slept on. It was scarcely possible to try even a stillness as we paid, for to us, at least, the scene was new.

The tent, or shantee, of the "Governor" Mi-canopy, was pointed at truly royal distance, not only from those of his people, but from the artificial General Clinch—it was two miles off—for did his camp lay in full military array on the banks of the Withlacoochee, the treaty signed as it was, was something more than a mockery, if we interrupted fraud upon the Seminole nation? that, having thus said and said, we intended to hold the sanction of the people, with what show of discretion, of fair dealing, of honor, or honesty, can you hold up this fabulous deed to that people, and, because they innocently declined a removal to the west on the treaty ground, become the unworthy opponent of the same? For the denial of our Government we have no answer, unless in one most easily understood than answered.

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There is, however, an

Philadelphia Prices Current.
FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 29.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, July 30, 1836.

COLLECTIONS.

Mr. William A. Pierce, has started on a collecting tour through New Jersey, and will shortly call upon the inhabitants of the towns and villages subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post and Casket, who have not yet paid their subscription to the end of the present year, will please leave the amount due, at their residences so as to afford Mr. Pierce facilities in his collecting; and they will thereby oblige us very much. In the most favorable circumstances, a collector finds many difficulties to contend with.

Persons disposed to patronize our valuable and elegant new publication, the "National Atlas, to commence about the first of August; will please furnish Mr. Pierce with their names and a year's subscription—if [illegible] on subscribing.

Mr. —— Bell is our agent for the collection of bills on periodicals in New York, to whom our patrons are respectfully requested to pay their subscriptions. Mr. Bell has a room next to the office of the New Yorker, 127 Nassau st. and will attend to any business connected with this office, which may be required.

TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

We are compelled to request the punctuality of our city subscribers for having presented them with bills that had, it seems, been previously paid to the former collector. Mr. Bell has been our collector for 10 or 12 years previous to 1835.

Having had implicit confidence in the honesty of Dougherty, we entrusted the collection of our city subscriptions for 1835 to his hands; and his hands upon us became so multiplied and manifest, in 1834, that we were compelled to discharge him, and not accounted for, to the amount of nearly 2000 dollars; and we cheerfully gave credit for that amount when made by subscribers in evidence of the fact was received. We have now, we trust, entered nearly all the credits. A few remain to be entered.

We are authorized to state, that the publication of "*The Silk Grower's Guide*," the prospectus for which we inserted in June last, will be commenced in the course of September (not the 3d of August next) but is unavoidably postponed until further notice, which will be given by the publication of a specimen number.

NEW MINE.—We have been favored by Mr. S. Stavely with a sight of the first of his new and beautifully engraved Pocket Map of Illinois and Missouri, on a large scale. Mr. Stavely will soon publish a map of the United States, sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of his map; while its mechanical execution is beyond all praise.

THE NEW YORKMAN.—This weekly periodical, published every Saturday, at 127 Nassau street, New York, both in folio and quarto form, is well deserving of public patronage. Mr. E. Burke Fisher has recently become its proprietor in connection with Mr. Greeley; and from the combined talents of these gentlemen, the work is likely to be conducted as a useful and honorable place in our weekly literature.

"WAR IN DISGUISE."

Under this head the National Intelligencer of 26th inst., reprobates the recently threatening movement of General Houston, and says, therefore, for the purpose of taking redress for certain Indian murders committed within the Mexican territory, he shall call upon the militia force in the part of our army, have somewhat suspicious. General Gaines has, it seems, been authorized to maintain all the lawful ties now existing between the United States and Texas, which, we General Rusk, who, it is thought, may be obliged to fall back upon the very point (Nacogdoches) which General Gaines is about to take—are of maintaining that peace and friendship which had so long subsisted between the two countries. We might have no objection that Mexico should herself, by violating the treaty, by the invasion of the territory which she covets, thing perhaps can justify the movement threatened by General Gaines.

FLORIDA WAR.

We perceive that Gen. Call, new in command in Florida, is preparing to carry on the Indian enemy in that quarter early in August. That officer should know best, but we think it will be found that the season of the country and climate, and fear that he will not find the Seminoles unapproachable when he shall have penetrated into the swamps in the month of August fatal to his troops. The Everglades, are a tract of country subject to inundation during the rainy season, and are covered by the most impenetrable thickets found is precisely the quarter against which Gen. Call must wage his war. It was a descent of guarding in the same campaign,—in the disasters of which the Government has reaped the fruits of its own negligence in failing to have examined and fully authorized, before the fatal and unknown portion of the country—four millions of acres—which we find one or two of the Grand Jury of St. Augustine, nearly two years ago, who represented the region in question, as affording retreats for the Seminoles, and also to bodies of refugee Indians, and, as we have believed, of other descriptions of persons of bad character. The bands of Oceola are doubtless been enrolled from this quarter by despera[illegible] who will always have a secure retreat in the fastness of territory which they occupy remains, as it now does, a *terra incognita*. surely a reduction upon our Government [illegible] to expend a frontier should be suffered to remain in this state, while we have a corps of engineers for whom, often, no employment can be found.

FRANCIS WRIGHT DARUSMONT.

We had the curiosity to make a jaunt up to the Schuylkill Falls, to hear Mrs. Darusmont hold forth upon the subject of "Chartered Monopolies." We found a large crowd collected on board the little steamer "Novelty," at the Chestnut st. wharf, of kindred spirits intending, we presume, to show off the nautical skill of her commander, finally landed us at the Falls. "Make haste," said some one, "or the Factory will be closed." The factory is the scene of the lady's exploits—and, instead of the busy hum of the loom and spinning gossay, was now to echo the impassioned tone, the oracular outpourings, of a female Quixotte—together with the plaudits of her charmed hearers. To the factory, then, we hastened. High, and of gloomy exterior—and of towered above the river—and was calculated to repel, rather than invite, approach. Through the broken panes of the windows, within, we could discern a number of human heads, peering out as if to ascertain the character of our little steamer, which they seemed to fear might be one of the warlike pirates of Madam Darusmont—be "anti-institutional" —an invasion, probably as armed invasion, of their "free soil." While the multitudes were driven from the city, had taken upon the suburbs—the heights of the Schuylkill—heights that, as all the world knows, are the accustomed resort of Liberty, when abroad of the fine days. Time—upon the whole a most inhospitable hall —unless we except the gentle and refreshing breeze which blew in at the oblicuous intervals through the windows that looked directly on the river, bathing our temples in its balmy breath. In front of us,—as we sat upon one of the low long benches of board which constituted the seats—stood the stage, or rostrum—with a single chair and table,—pitcher of water—and lots of old trees, around which we had clambered up the sills of the windows in the rear. The lady—the whose attractions had thus lured hundreds from their accustomed haunts—soon given to understand was in the *loft*?—over our heads—in a not inappropriate position for one who was certainly above our comprehension. The hour appointed for the lecture was 4 o'clock—as it was then 5—buzzed through the room. The crowd gave way, and the "observed of all observers," descended from the loft—the first time we had seen slowly descending from the attic! A grave, matronly looking personage was also—with her shawl and bonnet on—handed by one of the attending gentlemen to her seat, she proceeded coolly to adjust her papers, and then, with a self-possession which created astonishment in a crowded her head. The face was full of character—and the blue eye, mild when in repose—that is, when she spoke not—flashed with the fire of concentrated passion and impulsive volition, when, like the Sybil of old, she commenced the utterance of her oracular predictions. On her left, upon the table, lay the Declaration of Rights of the United States, in unrolled parchment; while from a little green bag the drew out the manuscript Lecture that was to proclaim "War, war, unto all "Chartered Monopolies." The opening of her discourse was well conceived—calculated to touch the springs of those passions which she wished to excite. Painting in glowing colors the misery of hell, she observed, that from the very city where that mighty instrument had been first framed, and put in motion, for the purpose of the rights—of principle against privilege—of constitutional law against "anti-institutional" practice—that the *reptiles* had begun to crawl, attended with appropriate emphasis and gesture—while the eye locked daggers of impotent rage through the lens of the glasses, as the speaker. The injunction which forbids that our eagle shall be said of the dead, was forgotten, or disregarded —and the "United States," "queerly journed" at Washington, "are summoning" to appear before the tribunal of the *factory* on the banks of the Schuylkill, the question which it had done in the body—of its Directors. The question of the exclusive few against the injured many —of "chartered monopolies" against charter-less millions—was the question to be tried by the constitution—of popular justice against legalized oppression—of the people against the aristocracy—for monopoly, in one of its forms, as an armed force—for battle, in short, between free and despotic principles—between the America and the European system—this great battle was to be fought by the people of the United States; in each respectively—at every man's door! Here a volley of rattling stones broke the spell with which the eagle's eloquence had held us—as the hand—and in that plight he rushed back into the door, where he suddenly halted. The ladies, however, were at length permitted to escape—deprecating, with uplifted hands, as they came out, the fury of the populace—and steps were glad to take leave of Madam Darusmont, who was now left nearly "alone with her glory." It was understood that they meant to keep her a prisoner in the factory, and that a force was being disposed to act as one of the turn-keys on the occasion. we left the scene—perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Darusmont was possessed of a very embodiment of a Quixotism more mad than that which Cervantes laughed out of vogue a long time ago. The idea of "anti-institutionalism" as a grand thought, would only be to say that the bedlamite has his lucid intervals—or, rather, his mad intervals; in general, upon the perversion of one main idea—upon which he runs on like a top at every other. She is an agitator of the worst kind—and one of the best evidences of the pernicious nature of the principles she would disseminate, lies in the fact that she is hooted and hissed by that very *populace* whose champion she is ambitious of becoming.

WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

Very false ideas are in general entertained upon the subject of works of fiction, not a few of which have been condemned, as exhibiting a wrong moral bias, calculated, it is contended, to impart itself to the reader. This is altogether a mistaken view of the matter. The writer of fiction is surely as much at liberty to avail himself of the highest possible race, as virtues—since it is the possible, and not the probable merely, he falls within his province. In painting a bad character, however, it is assuredly never the design of the author to exhibit the real villainy, however flattering may be the colors he employs in depicting it. Moral justice is sure to be done in the end—and although upon the mere principles of the most fastidious. It has been objected to *Bulwer*, that he represents highly-amen and women—the possible merely, in reply to this, it may be asked, whether a "Paul Clifford," or an "Eugene Aram," do not verily exist with fewer reward? But may not a highminded author, in the course of his delineations of human beauty, peering out as if to ascertain the character of our little steamer, which they seemed to fear might be one of the warlike pirates of Madam Darusmont—be "anti-institutional" —an invasion, probably as armed invasion, of their "free soil." While the multitudes were driven from the city, had taken upon the suburbs—the heights of the Schuylkill—heights that, as all the world knows, are the accustomed resort of Liberty, when abroad of the fine days. Time—upon the whole a most inhospitable hall —unless we except the gentle and refreshing breeze which blew in at the oblicuous intervals through the windows that looked directly on the river, bathing our temples in its balmy breath. In front of us,—as we sat upon one of the low long benches of board which constituted the seats—stood the stage, or rostrum—with a single chair and table,—pitcher of water—and lots of old trees, around which we had clambered up the sills of the windows in the rear. The lady—the whose attractions had thus lured hundreds from their accustomed haunts—soon given to understand was in the *loft*?—over our heads—in a not inappropriate position for one who was certainly above our comprehension. The hour appointed for the lecture was 4 o'clock—as it was then 5—buzzed through the room. The crowd gave way, and the "observed of all observers," descended from the loft—the first time we had seen slowly descending from the attic! A grave, matronly looking personage was also—with her shawl and bonnet on—handed by one of the attending gentlemen to her seat, she proceeded coolly to adjust her papers, and then, with a self-possession which created astonishment in a crowded her head. The face was full of character—and the blue eye, mild when in repose—that is, when she spoke not—flashed with the fire of concentrated passion and impulsive volition, when, like the Sybil of old, she commenced the utterance of her oracular predictions. On her left, upon the table, lay the Declaration of Rights of the United States, in unrolled parchment; while from a little green bag she drew out the manuscript Lecture that was to proclaim "War, war, unto all "Chartered Monopolies." The opening of her discourse was well conceived—calculated to touch the springs of those passions which she wished to excite. Painting in glowing colors the misery of hell, she observed, that from the very city where that mighty instrument had been first framed, and put in motion, for the purpose of the rights—of principle against privilege—of constitutional law against "anti-institutional" practice—that the *reptiles* had begun to crawl, attended with appropriate emphasis and gesture—while the eye locked daggers of impotent rage through the lens of the glasses, as the speaker. The injunction which forbids that our eagle shall be said of the dead, was forgotten, or disregarded —and the "United States," "queerly journed" at Washington, "are summoning" to appear before the tribunal of the *factory* on the banks of the Schuylkill, the question which it had done in the body—of its Directors. The question of the exclusive few against the injured many —of "chartered monopolies" against charter-less millions—was the question to be tried by the constitution—of popular justice against legalized oppression—of the people against the aristocracy—for monopoly, in one of its forms, as an armed force—for battle, in short, between free and despotic principles—between the America and the European system—this great battle was to be fought by the people of the United States; in each respectively—at every man's door! Here a volley of rattling stones broke the spell with which the eagle's eloquence had held us—as the hand—and in that plight he rushed back into the door, where he suddenly halted. The ladies, however, were at length permitted to escape—deprecating, with uplifted hands, as they came out, the fury of the populace—and steps were glad to take leave of Madam Darusmont, who was now left nearly "alone with her glory."

It was understood that they meant to keep her a prisoner in the factory, and that a force was being disposed to act as one of the turn-keys on the occasion. we left the scene—perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Darusmont was possessed of a very embodiment of a Quixotism more mad than that which Cervantes laughed out of vogue a long time ago. The idea of "anti-institutionalism" as a grand thought, would only be to say that the bedlamite has his lucid intervals—or, rather, his mad intervals; in general, upon the perversion of one main idea—upon which he runs on like a top at every other. She is an agitator of the worst kind—and one of the best evidences of the pernicious nature of the principles she would disseminate, lies in the fact that she is hooted and hissed by that very *populace* whose champion she is ambitious of becoming.

BEET SUGAR.—In a letter to the editor of this paper, dated, Schenectady since, Montgomery county, 16th inst.—The writer says—

I procured some of the seed of the Beet, and planted them on the 1st of June. They grew rapidly, and many of the roots to-day will measure more than two inches in diameter, and suppose their growth would be still more rapid, provided the soil they are planted to was of an alluvial kind. I think every farmer is interested, or ought to be, in the culture of this article, if viable to him—abundantly they would find it a valuable acquisition to their stock of feed for cattle, setting aside the manufacture of sugar.

Correspondence of the U. States Gazette.

WASHINGTON, July 28, 1836.

The cause of General Scott's sudden departure from Washington, immediately after his arrival, has been explained in an unsatisfactory and probably originating in some circumstance not fully known to the public generally. A letter which has been slept upon it by a rumor which generally obtains among us, and which is, I believe entitled to credence, has shed some light upon a letter was written by General Jessup from the field of the Seminole war, addressed to Colonel Blair, (the editor of the Globe) in which General Jessup refers to the censure upon him, in consequence of the operations of General Scott, and which censure is charged to have originated in the Creek war, which he played in the Seminole war. The letter concludes with a proffer of General Jessup's services to Colonel Blair, &c. To say nothing of the propriety or impropriety of one General Officer interfering in a private letter to another individual, placed in the position occupied by Mister Blair, in the conduct of his superior in command, what should be said of the censure pursued by Mister Blair (who probably entered fully into the views of his military correspondent) in making public a private letter, before it had been submitted to the General to whom it was addressed? But may not a highminded author, in the course of his delineations of human beauty, be compelled to paint a character of which he is seldom or never wholly despoiled in the course of his trials and temptations upon this earth, that he will not ask the writer of fiction to prove this. Our own observation—history, voracious history—furnishes us with numerous instances of individuals, in circumstances displaying, in the midst of a fallen and despised lot, traces of that original good which was implanted in them by the hand of their Creator. Time—upon the whole a most inhospitable hall —unless we except the gentle and refreshing breeze which blew in at the oblicuous intervals through the windows that looked directly on the river, bathing our temples in its balmy breath. In front of us,—as we sat upon one of the low long benches of board which constituted the seats—stood the stage, or rostrum—with a single chair and table,—pitcher of water—and lots of old trees, around which we had clambered up the sills of the windows in the rear. The lady—the whose attractions had thus lured hundreds from their accustomed haunts—soon given to understand was in the *loft*?—over our heads—in a not inappropriate position for one who was certainly above our comprehension. The hour appointed for the lecture was 4 o'clock—as it was then 5—buzzed through the room. The crowd gave way, and the "observed of all observers," descended from the loft—the first time we had seen slowly descending from the attic! 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Remain Influence.—Like the olive-tree, said to fertilize the surrounding soil, there are some few extraordinary individuals, possessing among us all and about our public, who seemly serve to cheer and inform life. Our announcements are merely useless they contribute to them. our efforts of mental exhibition public, unless they receive the rewards valueless, unless they share them. There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and, perhaps, if it not an extreme enlargement of the past, that without that influence many a man had been 'a brute indeed.' The concurrence of both sexes is necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the exaltation of it.—Man may make a happy melody, but woman is also required to make up harmony.

From the Charleston Courier.

FURTHER INDIAN MASSACRE!

The schr. George and Mary, Capt. Wiley, arrived at this port on the morning of the inst. 24 hours from Jacksonville.

We are indebted to Capt. Wiley, for a detail of some further depredations committed by the Seminole Indians, in the vicinity of Middleburg and capturing the whole. We lost in the immediate vicinity of Camp Call had been sent to the assistance of the inhabitants of that place, and relieved a large portion of their fellow citizens, with the precious metals of this band of outlaws.

The following letter from General Wilcox to Governor Schley—Dear Sir:—I have this moment learned by express from one of the posts on the head waters of the Suwannee, that they had an engagement yesterday with a party of Seminoles, in which one friendly was killed and capturing the whole. We lost in the engagement three killed and six or eight wounded. The Indians had nineteen killed. Among the killed I regret to say, is one of the principal women and one child. Twenty prisoners, all women and children.

I have sent to state who commanded, but suppose it to be Col. Blair of Lowndes. You must excuse the shortness of my letter, as it is written on a temporary table, and in great haste.

Very respectfully, your ob'dt servant,

MARK WILCOX.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The New Yorkers, and some of our own city editors, seem to have been powerfully excited on by the introduction of Anthracite Coal on board of steamboats, as a substitute for wood. Those who are unacquainted with the history of Anthracite, and the uses to which it has been applied, will be, no doubt, surprised to learn that "Newkirk" a real novelty, invented by Dr. Newkirk, of Philadelphia, and patented in 1808. Some well wonderful manifestations that walk the water like a great reptile! The course, proceeding alike the tempest and the tide, accelerating or intercourse, and bringing the remotest parts of it more, unexpected neighborhoods, and new combinations of social and commercial relations, and given to the fertility of the world, and the fruitfulness of the wastes, the certainty and abundance of a higher order of life. Such has been propelled for many years in this State by the same fuel. In the counties of Fulton and Evans, the undoubted inventors, and proprietors of Steamboats. In the former, Gen. Boyd, Mr. Charles N. Bord, Jr. to Miss Catharine Boyd, daughter of Gen. Boyd, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 26th inst. by the Rev. Henry Augustus Boardman, D. D. Mr. Thomas Wharton Ellis, daughter of Thomas Fleming, Esq. of this city.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. Charles Pitman, Mr. R. Clemmons, to Miss Catharine Keen, all of this city.

In Burlington, Burlington county, on the 29th by the Rev. D. A. Nichols, Geo. Stronk, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Middleton, all of this city.

On the 28th inst. by the same, John Hunter, to Anne Maria Bowman, both of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

At Frankford, July 14th, by the Rev. A. G. Morse, Henry Wilson, of this city, to Miss Mary Ann Aitken.

At the Church of St. Roch, Paris, 20th May, and afterwards at the Bristol Rectory, the Lord Stafford, to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Caunt, Esq. late of Chelmsford in Chester County, Pa.

On the 28th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jewell, wife of Mr. Frazier B. Jewell, in the 27th year of her age.

On Friday, 22d inst. at the residence of his son-in-law, Douglassville, Berks County, Jacob R. Hosier, formerly of this city, aged 74 years.

At the morning of the First of Sea Antonio, Texas of Major of the Texan army, on the 24th year of his age.

On Saturday night, 23d inst. of consumption, Ann Crawford.

On Saturday, 24th inst. Elizabeth, infant daughter of Richard and Mary Mecker.

On the 25th inst. Mr. Joseph Ash, in the 56th year of his age, Malvina, youngest daughter of George W. Ash.

On Sunday evening last, Alexander Dowell, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 27th of June last, in the 72th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Hall, a native of Ireland, but for the last 40 years a citizen of this city

Rose and Clare [illegible]—A weekly house in Gracechurch [illegible] the following characteristic story:—"When I first came here to work, about forty years ago, I said my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not much care for riches, all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work, and when at my last I left workhouse and came to London and began [illegible] as rich as I went to be. Many an [illegible] have settled alone me, and they all have died and left me. And now I understand I am [illegible]."

Dr. Dalrymple once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old, what made every body love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, mamma, unless it is because I love every body."

If a woman were to change her sex, what sort of a being would she become? How would he a-be fixed a-bachelor?

A dog flying about terrified in a carpenter's shop, in search, for the cause of his instinct, that of a mortal blind man. The owner was quite indignant at the [illegible] dog was killed, and asked the reason why he could not as well have struck at him with the head end of his hatchet. "I would," said he "if I had run at me with his tail."

A BEAUTY.—As lady Elizabeth praised the line of nature revealed and concealed in thick crapes, there was a loud involuntary murmur of "How gloriously loathsome she is!" Who that understands human nature, does not know that even a handsome woman is in some times an blemisher as she is at other times an honor to sex? Who that is herself endowed with the gift of beauty, has not experienced that real consciousness fell short with a more than usual power of expression.—*The Liberator.*

CONJUGAL ENDEARMENTS.

"My dear, I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee, I've grown."

"*My dear* don't fret me. I'd as soon have you call me my devil as my dear."

"Well, my dear, then—I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee."

At the event of silence on the part of her husband, Mrs. Sandstone here into a rage of remonstrance and got up to the empty of "cursing and bemoaning" this morning, and nothing could please her. She was no more satisfied with being called my devil than by dear, though she had a reason before declared that she preferred to my dear. On the contrary, she took her husband's tender to task for his rude compliance with her suggestion.

"Oh you vile, wicked, good-for-nothing man!" she exclaimed; "is it thus you treat me, after all I've done for you? Is it then you apply names to her, which I am not married to?"

"My dear, you did mention it just now. You suggested the change was the proper words to use to me, and I always like to comply with your wishes you know. So, my dear—my devil I mean—a little more sugar if you please."

"Sugar! I want give you a jot more. I'll see you hanged first. You are quite unworthy that you suck it worth."

"I've acquired that habit from having so sweet a wife. Besides I pay for it out of my own money."

"Now reminds me with poverty, indeed! If I did not bring you my money, I brought you respectable connections, and—"

"Yes, you brought all your connections."

"Now you reproach to me that, do you, eh? I dare say you grudge my relations every sweetbite they eat while they're here."

"I grudge nothing, my dear—I would say dear—I think one dear would spoil Mr. Shavington—and you do, I'll leave the table."

"Thank you, my love—then I'll help myself to sugar."

"Yes, and you'd help yourself to another wife, I dare say, if I was gone."

"I've stated there's not little chance for that. But my coffee is cooling, while I'm waiting for the sugar."

"There it'll be like your love, which has been cooling ever since we were married."

"Thank you, my love, there's nothing like a share and for a cooling draught."

"I hope not! Do you call me a cooling soul? I'll not endure your insults any longer. I'll go home to my connexions. I'll have a separate maintenance."

"I'll promise you pinner, my dearest darling."

"I want take such profane language from you."—(Going with the appearance to her head.)

"My soul, love, see the sugar's all gone, please."

"Here, take it!" (throwing it at his head, and exit.)

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY GILES MACMASON.

Would the distinguished statesman and patriot, was Vice President of the United States, a man remarkably for his economical habits, be said high office, to attend to business more in person, than the extravagance of more modern times will allow. It happened on one occasion that some important matter called him to Philadelphia, and upon enquiry, he found that the stage left Washington at 10 o'clock precisely to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours, was two or three days distant, and not of the most pleasant nature. On the occasion, he stopped at Philadelphia; it was agreed on five o'clock in the afternoon, when the Vice President rode up, saddled and bridled, to the tavern. A Revolutionary by the name of Bogdon, kept the hotel, of late so much improved and now an establishment second to our world between Hottabooter. The locks of the town were concealed in the large hall, smoking, sporting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the other gentlemen of the day. Bogdon was at the bar examining his books, and doubtless making calculations in relation to his future prospects. Jefferson had dismounted from his steed on the border of the border, and walked into the tavern to make arrangements as regard to his lare. Some one knocked Bogdon upon the elbow and directed his attention to his stranger who was standing with his whip in his hand, and looking somewhat [illegible] "We have no room for you, Sir."

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room. His voice which was remarkably soft on occasions, attracted another survey of a person, by the honest proprietor of the house, whom did not see fit to remember. He found not that, however, in his plain dress, penny well smeared with mud, are long standing rather by wealth or distinction, and in his usual benignity to be reader.

"A room?"

Jefferson replied, "Yes, Sir, I should like to have a room as myself, if I can get it."

"I tell you, Sir, I have no room, we have no room, there's not a spare room in the house,—all full—all occupied."

This Vice President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was smug in the stable. He mounted and rode off. Just a convenient out of town a middle-aged man of this town from the [illegible] and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few moments before.

"Gentleman!" said Bogdon.

"Yes, the gentleman, who came up but the instant ago himself."

"There has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, except a man who called for a drink, a country looking fellow who came to and asked if he could have a while without but I would have said it an unlikely speak, I tell you—I told him I had no room for such chaps as him."

"No room for such chaps as him?"

"No room for such chaps as he say body that does look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about man? He's the Vice President of the United States."

"He's the Vice President of the United States!" exclaimed Bogdon, almost breathless in astonishment.

"Why, Sir, Thomas Jefferson, the Vice President of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Mercies, what have I done! Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, John, where are you all here. Be quick about it—Up and trot that gentleman who have rooms at his disposal—by Gracious, Sir, Thomas Jefferson! Jefferson! and him to come here and he said have any body, and no room for him! Mercies, what have I done?" Here Hetsie, Mary Jane come out the lowly and get the best room in the house ready for the President—Off you bounce, not clean about on the run. Bill mind up the stables. Sambo, hurry up with the best tea and coffee you ever made. Quick, quick, quick!"

For fifteen minutes Bogdon raved like a madman and were fully here to for door to see if his wished for guest was returning. The Vice President rode up and dismounted, was recognized by many of his fellow-townsmen, and in turn directed to the Globe Tavern, which was then kept by the father of the present Market and Charles streets—[illegible] Bogdon's servants came out, and had the honor of holding the President's horse.

"Tell him I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Bogdon's mortification can be better imagined than all of the efforts he had for many years of his life to get and the large hall, and had largely assisted at the entertainment of the worthy Revolutionary patriot, and was preparing to laugh at [illegible] incident. After some time, he got some friend to send to the tavern. Mr. Jefferson was for dressing, and desired that he should retire and take lodgings at his home, presuming the best he could get on such short notice. Bogdon was in a [illegible] and could not refuse.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer:—"Tell Mr. Bogdon," said he, "I appreciate his kind intentions, and will be glad to be the guest of his house, the same level room as the Vice President."

Smoking among Grecian Ladies.—The only exception to the universal disrelish of smoking was the use of several kind of smoking tobacco—the coffee house, the barber's shop, the public baths, casinos, and other fashionable resorts—at these, every piece in which human beings congregate, long pipes were filled and lighted and passed round from hand to hand upon